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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THE IMAGE OF THE EARTHLY AND THE IMAGE OF THE HEAVENLY.

Oh! mean may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.

This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
These tears the Lord did weep.

This world the Master overcame,
This death the Lord did die;
O vanquished world! O glorious shame!
O hallowed agony!

O vale of tears no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
O holy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Emmanuel!

Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of Heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

Our own will be Thy Life Divine,
Thine image we shall bear;
With Thine own glory we shall shine,
In Thine own bliss shall share.

Thou to our woe who down didst come,
Who one with us would'st be
Wilt lift us to Thy heavenly home,
Wilt make us one with Thee.

Our mortal garments Thou hast worn,
And we Thy robes may wear;
Our mortal burdens Thou hast borne,
And we Thy bliss may share.

O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine!
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
To lift our life to Thine!

O strange the gifts and marvellous
By Thee received and given!
Thou tookest woe and death for us,
And we receive Thy Heaven.

—*T. H. Gill.*

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

"*The Lord reigneth.*"—PSALM xciii. 1.
"*My Father worketh even until now, and I work.*"—JOHN v. 17.

The sense of God's presence and of his prevailing strength, the conviction that, in the very season when everything around seems most confused and threatening, he is still controlling and directing, must have been felt by many of us much as the writer of this ninety-third psalm has felt it. We have had, like him, some experience out of which we have come with just such a sense of exultant belief and confidence in God. It may have been some struggle in nature of the kind that here supplies the figure in which the thought has found expression. It may be that you call to mind some fearful storm when the clouds came rolling up out of the west, and broke upon the earth with such crashing and roaring of wind and rain and thunder that a mighty war seemed in progress among the elements, in which they, as well as all creatures, must finally perish; but then the violence of it passed, and, even while the rain still fell, the air began to fill with a golden radiance, a great bow arched itself against the darkness of the eastern

sky, and all around was heard the sound of the singing of birds. A sense of new life and strength, of safety and peace, uplifted you. "The Lord reigneth," you were ready to sing. "The Lord reigneth. The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

Perhaps the storm out of which you came was one within your life. Some stress of weariness and doubt had pressed upon you, bodily pain and weakness wrestled with your will, sorrow weighed you down, failure seemed everywhere around you and within you; and then, just as you were breaking with the struggle, help came, and space for rest, and this tempest of your life was behind you, and the light of a new hope and trust was beginning to shine. "The Lord reigneth. He is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

It is natural that the sense of a power above us, ruling with abiding and prevailing might, should impress itself most vividly at such times, when storm has given place to calm, and peace and safety have followed peril. It is natural that we should acknowledge then, with a gratitude and joy seldom felt in the ordinary course of life, the sovereignty of our God. Yet in the ordinary course of life the same ruling power is working. Through summer and winter, fall and spring, through the years and through the ages, the line of rule and order runs. Nations rise and fall, and new nations spring. Sin runs its course, and meets at last its retribution. The right struggles and falters, dies, and lives again beyond the reach of death. Through all the world, in the laws of physical forces, in human progress, intellectual, moral, spiritual, is felt the governing hand. "The Lord reigneth."

Through all the world. Not outside of it, apart from it, in some other world by itself, but through and through this universe,—in what we see, in what we do, in what we are. We must believe this when we think about it; but we do not always think, and we live and are often as though we did not believe. The hurry and anxiety, the fear, the borrowing of trouble, which fill so many hours in our life, are not what we should expect to find in men and women who believe in a power that rules, and rules for good. If you are a soldier and know your captain, your general, so well that you trust him wholly; if you are sure that whatever order he gives is given with definite purpose, with calm foresight, with wisdom that comes of both knowledge and experience,—then your own duty is simple to you. There is no questioning, no uncertainty. The order may cost you your life in the obeying, but at his bidding you would give your life ten times over. Take him from the command, and put in his place another who is not fit for it, and you will be forgiven if you are anxious and restless and without confidence. Let your leader fall at your front as he leads you into the thick of the battle, and it will not be wholly strange if in the shock of your loss you turn from the fight and run. But, so long as he is there with you at the head, you have courage and strength, you are calm and ready.

Not less magnificent in its faith, but nobler, more reasonable, more inspiring, is the answer made whenever men believe that God gives to them his spirit, and calls upon them to take part in his work. Do what is right. Fill out your life in all directions, because what you do and what you are is necessary to the perfect fulfilment of God's kingdom. God reigns, indeed; but he reigns not merely over you, but through you. The passenger shut down between decks, trusting the stanchness of the vessel, the wisdom of her officers, awaits, with a certain confidence, the issue of the storm. But it is a different, a more vital confidence that is felt by the engineer at his post, the quartermaster at the wheel. It is the same ship that carries them, the same captain in command; but they know that upon their discipline, their obedience, their promptness, their faithfulness, depends also the safety of the ship. "My Father worketh even until now," says Jesus, "and I work."

"And I work." It is the utterance of every life that is conscious of its free birth, of its individual manhood or womanhood, of its duties and privileges, conscious of its worth and dignity, its strength, its opportunity. "My Father worketh until now." They are the words of this same free individual, living, working human soul, conscious that back of all its own present limitations is the fulness of God, that where men and women are weak he is strong, that where their patience fails he endures, that, when time is wanting to them, his eternity shall suffice. "The Lord reigneth."

The more one comes to realize how strong is the individuality in every life, how different and distinct underneath all similarities and likenesses every man or woman is from each and every other man and woman, the more one is led to believe that each of us has his or her work to do, his or her opportunity to improve, his or her gift to exercise, just as individual, just as distinct and peculiar, as are their own personalities. As no one

else is exactly like you, so no one else can do your work for you. So long as that work is not done by you, it remains undone; and life is, to that extent, less rich and complete. No matter how feeble your individual strength or how poor and few the resources at your command, you have opportunities peculiar to you, gifts distinct from others; and, if that one talent of yours is kept wrapped in the napkin, it is no excuse for you that others were stronger and more gifted. Their gifts and strength are for their work, not for yours. They cannot do it for you, God cannot.

Take the problems that a man's nature brings to him,—the development of its powers, the supplying of its lacks, the government of its passions, the direction of its ambitions and desires. Outside influences will, indeed, tend to help or hinder in the wisest and best solution of these problems: inheritances, friendships, circumstances, will tend to forward or to retard the growth of the character, the strength and fineness of the personality; but these influences are, after all, only so much food offered to the man's own will. It is for him to take or to reject, to decide whether he is to be nourished or starve, to grow or to decline. The beginnings of his life have been appointed for him; but what their issue is to be, their fulfilment, depends upon him. In the deepest sense every man is self-made.

Go outside the immediate life of the individual. Take the problems of our relations with those about us. Our crowding, hurrying social life brings us constantly face to face with human needs of one sort and another,—bodily, mental, spiritual. There are men and women and children to be fed and clothed and housed; there is sickness to be healed and ignorance to be taught; there are men and women who have forgotten, if they ever knew, what their true natures are, and must be shown; there are lives selfish and narrow that are to be touched and made to open, those that think themselves poor, and are to be taught their riches, and those that think themselves rich, and are to be shown their poverty, until they know that those are blessed who hunger and thirst; there are men and women who do not believe in God, and are to come to know him as they shall see the godlike in their fellow-men; and there are others who profess their belief in God and who need help to live in ways that shall reveal, and not deny him. And in all this each has his or her distinct, individual, necessary part. For each it is not simply possible, but necessary, that he or she should do something that the life about them may become all the time stronger, cleaner, healthier, more beautiful, in all ways better worth the living.

From time to time we see with anxious indignation manifestations such as we had thought hardly possible of tendencies destructive to the honor of our country and to its health and welfare. Our loyalty is stirred and quickened, our consciences are aroused, our energies enlisted. At such seasons there is no need for one man to tell another of the danger, to appeal one to another, where all see and understand. But, when the crises have passed, one is tempted to forget that it was out of long-continued conditions and processes that the crises arose, and that similar conditions and processes are always working toward similar crises. The putting forth of all one's strength in an emergency is something always good to see, whether in a man or in a nation; but there have been times when the strength thus put forth was not sufficient, and times when the great exertion was a cruel waste. We glory in the humanity that we share with the physician and the nurse, whom we watch at their labor in the fever-stricken town; but how if they are there because men and women individually had been careless or disobedient or wilfully ignorant in regard to laws of health?

The victories of our Revolution followed after processes of injustice and self-interest. It was self-interest and injustice and cowardice that led up to the heroisms of the Civil War. Again and again ignorance and dishonesty and selfishness bring to brave and honest men a fresh trial of their strength. What has made possible now or at any time the dangerous growth of these evil processes? Chiefly, I suppose, the failure of the greater number among us to keep living and fresh individually and day by day an active loyalty to our nation, an active adherence to the principles according to which we would have it governed, as a whole and in all its parts. If the life of the nation is to avoid seasons of extreme peril, if it is to be continually safe and in health, if its growth is to be worthy of what has been best in its past, it will all be as men and women individually do each his and her work, according to their strength and opportunity, in maintaining its freedom, in guarding its honor, in solving its problems. It will be as each one of us, desiring for our country all things that are true and honest and just and pure and lovely and of good report, thinks himself on these things, and out of all that is best in his own life gives freely and continuously, that the common life may be better. "And I work." If a man

sees evil everywhere, in his own life or in the life about him; if he sees evil anywhere and desires good,—let him be able to say with truth and steadfastness, "I work." "And I work." Yes; but there come times when our individual efforts seem fruitless, when the evil we are fighting seems very strong, its growth persistent, times when the sense of weakness and failure and discouragement and loneliness is overwhelming. It has come to men who loved their country as they strove for her righteousness and peace; it has come to men who loved their fellow-men, doing what they could to make human life stronger and more beautiful; it has come to men reaching out to the attainment of the ideal of perfect manhood, and seeing it seemingly as far removed as ever. "And I work." How often it has become the utterance, not of the strength and hope and courage of a man, but of his weariness and despair!

Do we forget? "My Father worketh until now." Into the doubt and impatience and anxiety of human effort comes the thought of God, bringing strength and calm,—the thought that he also is working, not to take the place of our work, but to confirm it, supplying strength to the weakness of our endeavor, overruling in wisdom the mistakes of our limited vision, translating and transfiguring our imperfect successes—nay, that which we had thought our failure—into the eternal triumph of his righteousness and love. "The Lord reigneth."

Under him, in him, with him, we also reign. Over material forces, over the powers of ignorance and selfishness and sin, over our own lives, over height and depth, over life and death, the Lord reigneth; and he gives to us the victory.—*Edward Hale.*

THE STILL HOUR.

SHORT PRAYERS.

May we not have faith without works, but show our faith by our works; and receive with meekness the ingrafted word, which is able to save our souls.

Give us, Lord, the widsom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

O Thou, who art love; may we dwell in love, and so dwell in thee; may our love be made perfect, and be free from all fear; may we be born of God, and overcome the world; may we keep thy commandments, and love thy children.

THOUGHTS FOR THE STILL HOUR.

Breath of the Lord that moved of old
Through chaos of the quickening earth,
Till the wide heavens in light unrolled,
And sun and star, and flower had birth.

Breathe on this warring world of men,
To bid its strife and tumult cease;
Till stars of morning sing again,
With Sons of God, the Song of Peace.

Still on the waters broods thy power;
Through all our discords echoes still
The music of that later hour,
"Peace on the earth! in heaven good will."

Teach thou our hearts that nobler song
Of nobler souls by truth set free,
Till the full chorus, sweet and strong,
From thy glad earth goes up to thee.

—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge (First Parish) Committee offers the following books. Apply to Miss Helen Bailey, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.: "Gardens of the Caribbees," Starr; "Prayers," Stevenson; "A Harmony of the Gospels," Stevens and Barton; "Addresses," Drummond; "The Pleasures of Life," Lubbock; "A Brief History of Ancient Peoples," "The Physical Culture Life," Hancock; "Heaven's Distant Lamps," "Meditation on Scriptural Subjects," "Carnie, a Story of Sweden," Enault; "Young Maids and Old," Burnham; "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," Maclaren; "Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan," Mrs. Charles; "Rollo's Correspondence," "Rollo's Museum," Abbot; "Shifting Winds," Ballantyne; "Our Charley," H. B. Stowe.

For the following apply to Miss Janet Ritchie, 268 Walnut Street, Brookline, Mass.: "The Columbia Book of Yarns" (Knitting and Crocheting); "Principles of Rhetoric," A. S. Hill; "Mediæval Europe," Emerton;

Geography (Europe and other Continents), Tarr and Murray; "Life of Abraham Lincoln," James Baldwin; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," H. B. Stowe; "The Sketch Book," Washington Irving; "Phineas Finn," Anthony Trollope; "Eastern Stories and Legends," Marie L. Shedlock; "The Undiscovered Country," W. D. Howells; "The Prime Minister," Anthony Trollope; Music, "Selected Classics for Pianoforte"; *Atlantic Monthly*, 1913.

Mrs. Charles E. Atwater, 321 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut, offers the following: "Shoppel's Modern Houses" (three bound volumes. Might be very helpful to some young carpenter in some one of the new towns in the South or West where there are no architects, and carpenters do their own planning. Also, nine paper covered volumes of the same); "Everybody's Guide to Music," Josiah Booth; "The Day's Work," Kipling; "Intellectual Pursuits," Waters; "Bookkeeping," Harris; "Exercises in Rhetoric," Carpenter; "Public School Historical Atlas"; "Representative Men," Emerson; "Gringos in Venezuela and Central America," R. H. Davis; "Under Summer Skies," Scollard; "Mrs. Jermingham's Journal," "L'Avare," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Le Cid"; English-German Dictionary.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I feel very grateful to all who have sent me reading. I should be so proud if some one would send me *Youth's Companions* after they have read them; or any (current) numbers of good magazines. Also should be glad to get "Ben Hur." Address Mrs. Mollie A. Lancaster, Route 2, Pizarro, Virginia.

2. I want to enter a request for a good school dictionary and a teacher's Bible with concordance. Address Miss Fannie Wertz, Aria, Floyd County, Virginia.

3. It is a long time since I wrote to the *Cheerful Letter*, but it has been coming to me regularly for many years now, and I am always glad to get it. Of late my *Cheerful Letter* friends seem to have forgotten me, as all literature that I used to receive comes no more. And living as I do, twenty miles from a town, I miss the reading very much. Any books that may be sent would be very much appreciated and passed on to others. Wishing all *Cheerful Letter* readers a very Happy New Year, and thanking all who in the past have sent me reading, I remain, yours very truly, S. C. Gardiner, Iron Bridge, Ontario, Canada.

4. My dear husband left me for a better world in September. Oh, how I miss him! I am all alone in the day. My daughter is at work in a store, and the little orphan grandchildren are at school. I need your prayers. We feel so grateful for your kindness in sending reading matter. Little Clang enjoys the *Youth's Companion* and *Beacon* so much. I should like a small large-print Bible. I have been so weak since I was operated upon, three years ago, that it is hard for me to handle my large one. Should be glad of good reading. May God bless you and yours! Address Mrs. J. V. Ware, Amherst, Virginia.

5. I shall certainly appreciate reading matter of any kind. Should be especially glad of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. I have not been getting any mail much lately. I am always glad to get cards and letters. Address Mrs. M. E. James, Unionville, North Carolina, R. D. 2, Box 104.

6. Mrs. Annie Cooley, Knowles, New Mexico, and her little seven-year-old daughter will be very glad of reading, which will be passed along.

7. Mrs. W. M. Peele, Aulander, North Carolina, writes: "The cards you sent were very much appreciated by the children and myself. I am still teaching the primary grades, and I wish you would send a petition to the *Cheerful Letter* for me, asking for pictures, story-books, etc.; also books for grown people. I do not receive the *Cheerful Letter*."

8. I have received some good reading from the *Cheerful Letter*, and thank the ones for sending it. I now should like to receive Budd's "Fairy Tales," "A Girl in Ten Thousand," and cards or any good reading for myself and my sisters and mother. Address Dovie M. Turner, Box 10, Dodson, Virginia.

9. I am writing to thank you all for reading that has been sent me during the year 1914. I should be thankful for more. I should like some books and correspondents. I love to receive letters and cards from my good friends. My health is very poor. Address Mrs. Henry Nelson, Critz, Virginia.

10. Reading is asked for by Mrs. F. B. Triplett, Peggs, Oklahoma.

11. I live in a lonely place and am very poor. I shall be very glad of the history of "Daniel Boone," and the "Wide, Wide World," and "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," and a large-print Bible for my mother. Mamie Martin, Critz, Virginia.

12. Nathan T. Hale, Polly P.O., Kentucky, asks for a St. Louis paper.

13. Mrs. Crela Witt, living in the mountains, twelve miles from a railroad station, where it is hard to get reading, will appreciate anything sent. Their home was burned; books also. Four children, the oldest seven years. Address Ironsburg, Tennessee.

14. Mrs. H. G. Burch, Sandidges, R. 2, Virginia, asks for pictures and picture books for her four-year-old boy. He is an only child, with no playmates. Mrs. Burch would enjoy a good novel.

15. Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Three Rivers, Michigan, asks for "Vanity Fair" and anything on Physical Research.

16. Mrs. Russell C. Calhoun, Maitland, Florida, asks for "Girl of the Limberlost," "Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and Man," "Freckles," and current numbers of *Ladies' Home Journal*, or *Priscilla*.

17. Roxie W. Craig, of Campbell, North Carolina, a young girl in very poor health, will be so glad of cards and pictures. Address her in care of Mrs. Nellie Craig, R. F. D. 1.

18. Miss Mattie Sale, Roaring River, North Carolina, will appreciate "Truxton King," "Beverly of Graustark," "Love Behind the Throne," and the April, November, and December numbers of *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1914.

19. It has been several years since I have written to the *Cheerful Letter*. I wish to thank the donor of it, for I have appreciated it very much. I have four children, two in school, one seventeen and the other twelve. I should love very much to get "Hiawatha's Primer," the *Youth's Companion*, *Delineator;* or any good reading would be very much appreciated by Mrs. N. A. Coleman, Amherst, R. 1, Virginia.

20. Will some one please send me *Comfort* for 1914, beginning with March number? Should also like to receive current numbers for 1915. Address Mrs. W. C. Burton, Mountain Park, Oklahoma, R. F. D. 2, Box 82.

21. A large-print reference Bible is asked for by Mrs. Ella Hay, Locust Grove, Oklahoma.

22. Mrs. Willie Baker, Jermyn, Texas, will be glad of "Stepping Heavenward," "At the Mercy of Tiberius," or any good reading. She is alone with a sister, who is very delicate, and gets very lonely.

23. I am writing to ask you to please send me some reading matter for myself and family. Anything interesting or profitable. I am thirteen years old and have two brothers, sixteen and eight years old, and two sisters, four and six years old. Father is forty-nine. He and I are very fond of reading, but we are too poor to buy books or magazines. We live just outside of the village of Schoolfield, Virginia, and our social advantages are few. Will refer you to the Rev. Michaux Raine, pastor of Burton Memorial Church, of Schoolfield, Virginia. Address Miss Gladys Lassiter, Schoolfield, Virginia.

24. I have received some reading matter in the past for which I was thankful; have not received any of late. I should love to get some good magazines and books. I should especially like to get the *Delineator* for 1915 after some one has read it. I should like to get some books for a girl six years old: "Papa's Little Daughters," "Aunt Charlotte's Golden Gift." Also should like to get letters and post-cards. I hope to be remembered with books. Address Mrs. Mary E. Shelton, Campbell, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, Box 41.

25. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, Methuen, Mass., asks for "Direct Healing," "Mind and Body," or any New Thought books by Warman or Lindsay.

26. It has been quite a while since I have received anything from the Cheerful Letter Exchange, so I am going now to make a request. My little boy of nine is very fond of reading. I am quite anxious to place good literature in his hands. For him I should like the *Youth's Companion*, "Black Beauty," or some book of Bible stories. I should be glad to receive any good novels, or magazines bearing on fancy work. However, any good reading matter will be gladly received. Address Mrs. Verda Francis, Tom Bean, Texas.

27. A drawing book and United States History are asked for by Dorothy McAlexander, Fayerdale, Virginia.

28. I have six children and have been ill a long time. Will some one please send me the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Designer's New Idea* magazine? I shall be glad to get either of these magazines, especially the *Ladies' Home Journal*. I should appreciate a daily paper for the boys after some one has read it.

Will some one please send my little boy some picture books? Thanking one and all, I am Mrs. Dewitt Clay, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

29. I am writing to ask you to send me some reading matter for myself and three children. I should be so glad of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, or any good magazine; and some picture books or leaflets for my children: Herbert, Jr., age eight; Elizabeth, age five; and Clyde, age two. We should all enjoy the *Cheerful Letter*. I hope some of you people will write to me. Address Mrs. J. H. Crist, Schuyler, Virginia.

30. Mrs. Ellen Washington, Endicott, Virginia, R. D. 1, Box 17, asks for pieces for patchwork and any reading.

31. If not asking too much, I should like for some one to send me all of Elsie Dinsmore books (by Martha Finley), as she was such a religious character, and I want them for my daughter to read, to impress on her mind what power a little Christian has to do and lead. I am not able to get them for her. Address Mrs. Clara Brown, Tom Bean, Texas.

32. I have been receiving some nice reading matter from the many *Cheerful Letter* friends, for which I am very thankful. I wish to ask for a letter and post-card shower, March 18, as I shall be twenty-one years old that day. Emma Ingold, Ansonville, North Carolina.

33. Mrs. W. G. Rucker, Sandidges, Virginia, and two boys, fifteen and thirteen, will be grateful for suitable reading. Mrs. Rucker has been confined to the house since November, and is very lonely.

34. Mrs. M. H. Fitz, Price, North Carolina, asks for a large-print Bible.

35. Allie Brown, Dothan, Alabama, will be nineteen on March 29, and will be happy to receive cards on that date. She is grateful for the reading that has been sent, and will be glad of more.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

No child under twelve belongs at dinner, not only because the food is "grown-up food," but also because the talk is, or ought to be, "grown-up talk." If the parents haven't a whole gamut of interests and experiences beyond the comprehension of young children, if they don't talk matters over and discuss and plan, if they don't want friends at their table occasionally to bring in outside interests, then they are not getting the most out of their lives, anyway. And none of these things can go on at a table where young children are, for in the face of juvenile talk, adult conversation wilts and dies, and the evening meal, which is almost the only chance most of us have to cultivate the art of living, becomes a duty to be got through with as soon as may be. I think that when the inevitable campaign for parents' rights gets started, the Separate Dinner Table for Adults will be one of its first demands.

Yes, in the matter of food the Domestic Ellipse can be drawn about two centres if you only take thought to the problem instead of standing by the traditions you may happen to have inherited.

It is not so easy to adjust the amount of room in the average house so as to give each section of the family its rights. We seem to have too much and too little room at the same time. Take the kitchen. If it is a mere question of doing the work in the easiest and best way, a small kitchen, where the distances between stove and table and sink require few steps, is the best.

"But," objected an architect who designs many houses for the country and for small towns, "when a woman has children under school age, and must do all her own work, she insists on having a kitchen large enough to hold both them and her on occasion."

There is no getting around this fact. However much the mother may try to do the kitchen work while the children take their naps, however early she may send them to kindergarten, however safe a yard she may have to turn them out into, and however much she may simplify her work, there are times when she and a child or two have got to be in a kitchen at once. In a city flat this is even more likely to be the case than in a suburban house. I talked the other day with a woman who seems to me to have solved this problem fairly satisfactorily.

"When I was doing the work myself, there was no other course," she said, "but to drag the child about the house with me. I found that a little canvas playground—one of those enclosed squares that you can move about and that a child can't climb out of—was a great help. I would set it up in the kitchen when I had to be there, and in the living-room when I was there, and put the boy and his toys in it. I knew he was safe at least, and it did very well until he was nearly four."—*Martha Hensley Bruère.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

DOGS OF MERCY NOW IN USE ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF EUROPE.

Man's most faithful friend, a dog, is playing a man's and a dog's part in the present war. But for doggie many a wounded soldier would have passed over before help could come. Here is the story of Tom.

Gaston Durand of the Thirtieth Infantry fell in one of the violent engagements in the Argonne forest, wounded in the arm by a fragment of a shell, with a bullet in his jaw, and nearly scalped by a blow from a saber. He tried to rise, but a heavy weight fell upon him, and then he lost consciousness. The first thing he became aware of was a feeling that resembled a caress upon his forehead. He opened his eyes, and there was Tom, one of the ambulance dogs, affectionately lapping his torn head. He tried to rise, but the heavy weight that had borne him down was still there. It was the body of one of his comrades, who had fallen with a bullet through his heart.

Unable to extricate himself, he finally succeeded in getting to a sitting posture. His cap was gone, and that explained why Tom had not come back to the ambulance for help. Durand looked, and Tom searched, but no cap was to be found. "Go, Tom, and fetch the comrades," Durand cried. A half hour later Tom went into camp, and, seizing the first soldier's coat in his teeth, began tugging at him. The soldier did not understand. Then Tom barked appealingly, but with no more effect. Finally he barked menacingly, with no result. Then the doctor came along. He understood, and Tom gave a yelp of joy when he realized that he had succeeded. Directed by him, the doctor and the stretcher-bearers soon found Durand hidden in a thicket, where probably he would have passed unnoticed until he had either starved or died from his wounds, had it not been for Tom.

They lifted the dead man off, carried Durand back to the ambulance, and, notwithstanding the gravity of his three wounds, he is now mending, all thanks to Tom.

Tom is not alone in his good work. Hundreds of Toms, Dicks, Hans, Louis, and Ivans are at work. Wherever there is a battlefield and men being killed, the dog, like the ambulance man and the nurse, is hard at work to save what men have tried to destroy. And the supreme beauty of the dog's work is that doggie knows only a wounded man in need of help; doggie knows nothing about Germans, or French, Russians or British or Austrians; he knows a man in trouble. The dog, in feeling, is the only real neutral on the battlefields. In the fighting round Liège a Belgian good dog was wounded in the leg at the same time one of the gunners was wounded in the face, and after the battle they were seen returning. The soldier had the dog in his arms and the dog was affectionately licking the wound in his master's face.

Hundreds and hundreds of lives have been saved by dogs in this war and not one instance has been noted where the dog summoned help for a dead man; dogs know the difference between men in desperate need of help and men past all human assistance. In some cases where the soldier's cap could not be found, the dog has torn open his knapsack and hunted out something that he could carry back to show that he had made a discovery.

The sheep dog is prepared for this service by the Germans, French, and Belgians. The British prefer the intelligent Airedale terrier, which, it is claimed, is steadier in the roar of battle. The Airedale can do with little sleep and can go for a long time without food or water. At the outbreak of war Germany had 2,000 trained sheep and Airedale dogs. Every Russian regiment has thirty dogs trained mostly for outpost duty. One of the happiest facts of the war is everywhere in it the fidelity and intelligent, perfect service of the dog.—*Boston Transcript.*

MARCH SUNSHINE.

The red-wing blackbird, the bluebird, and the robin are due at any time now, and with them, chattering and babbling of Southern sun and open weather, should come the rusty blackbird and the purple grackle. The grackle reaches his northern limits here thus early, but the rusty blackbird goes on to nest in the far North. Sometimes the rusties flock with the red-wings, but they are of a much more shy and retiring disposition. Their song is sweeter and higher pitched, but it is rarely heard, they pass so shyly and quietly onward. One speaks of the song of the grackles only as a matter of courtesy. No doubt it is intended as a song, but it is most unmusical. A score of unoiled door-hinges could squeak in concert to quite as good effect. Indeed, the crow blackbird, quite vividly dressed in his glossy, iridescent black, is an ornament to any lawn, but he should be known as a bugaboo of the bird world. Eggs and tender young birds of smaller, defenceless species are a part of his diet. He takes care of his own young

with tender parental solicitude, but woe to the young of other species that nest in the neighborhood of his colonies, if he finds them.

But whether the robin, the bluebird, and the red-wing come or not, there are days of March sunlight when we have plenty of bird music by the brookside and in the thickets. Birds that brave the winter with us feel the thrill of the sun through their thick feathers and are apt to answer to it with gentle-voiced delight. None of them sing as loudly as they do in the full joy of nesting time, but they hail the premonition of it with little *sotto voce* songs that are just as tender and musical. Listening for bluebirds, one may hear the goldfinches carolling with gentle abandon, filling the air with sounds as bright and joyous as their sunny yellow color and their alert, happy ways. The winter chippies, too, travelling in flocks and feeding on the last of the birch seeds as they head north toward the snow-covered, ice-bound plains about Hudson's Bay, sing a little, fairy-like, canary song that tinkles like the ice crystals among which they have flitted cheerfully all winter long. The songs of the winter chippies and the goldfinches have something exotic in them at this season, especially the goldfinches. The robin and bluebird, the red-wing and the song sparrow, any one or all of whom may sing any day now, will seem to fit exactly in with the scheme of things, to belong—but the canary-like song of a goldfinch, sung in the bitter cold of a late winter day, makes one think the singer is lost from a warm cage or blown north from tropic islands and merely whistling his exquisite melodies to keep his courage up.

BIOGRAPHY.

LA FAYETTE.

(Continued from February Number.)

We cannot here detail the various casualties and exposures of his passage, which lasted sixty days. His vessel had cleared out for the West Indies, but La Fayette directed the captain to steer for the United States. As the latter had a large pecuniary adventure of his own on board, he declined complying with this direction. By threats to remove him from his command, and promises to indemnify him for the loss of his property, should they be captured, La Fayette prevailed upon the captain to steer his course for the American coast, where at last they happily arrived, having narrowly escaped two vessels of war, which were cruising in that quarter. They made the coast near Georgetown, South Carolina. It was late in the day before they could approach so near land as to leave the vessel.

Anxious to tread the American soil, La Fayette, with some of his fellow-officers, entered the ship's boat and was rowed at nightfall to shore. A distant light guided them in their landing and advance into the country. Arriving near the house from which the light proceeded, an alarm was given by the watch-dogs, and they were mistaken by those within for a marauding party from the enemy's vessels, hovering on the coast. The Baron de Kalb, however, had a good knowledge of the English language, acquired on a previous visit to America, and was soon able to make known who they were, and what was their errand. They were of course readily admitted, and cordially welcomed. The house in which they found themselves was that of Major Huger, a citizen of worth, hospitality, and patriotism, by whom every good office was performed to the adventurous strangers. He provided the next day the means of conveying La Fayette and his companions to Charleston, where they were received with enthusiasm by the magistrates and people.

As soon as possible, they proceeded by land to Philadelphia. On his arrival there, with the eagerness of a youth anxious to be employed upon his errand, he sent his letters to Mr. Lowell, who was then chairman of the committee of foreign relations. He called the next day at the hall of Congress; the letters made known his high connections and his large means of usefulness, and, without an hour's delay, he received from them a commission of major-general in the American army, a month before he was twenty years of age. Thus, at this early and inexperienced age, he was thought worthy, by that august body, the revolutionary Congress, to be placed in the highest rank of those to whom the conduct of their army was intrusted in this hour of extremest peril!—*From "Lives of Benefactors."*

(To be continued.)

MARIE LOUISE DANIEL.

For nearly twenty-five years she was my *Cheerful Letter* correspondent and in all this time I never had an uncheerful letter from her. A sarcastic member of my family once remarked that he had noticed that the "cheerful letters" were apt to be all on one side, but this insinuation never could be applied to her,

for I have never known another mortal so imbued with the gospel of good cheer, so unfailingly courageous and hopeful under every untoward vicissitude, so energetically triumphant over every difficulty.

Marie Louise Jordan was born at Charlotte Court House, Virginia, Jan. 12, 1852. Her mother died at her birth, and her father, William Jordan, when she was about six years old, after which she was cared for by her grandfather, Wyatt Cardwell, until his death, some two years later. She then went to live with her uncle, Wiltshire Cardwell (named from the county in England from which the family came). He lived only a few years, but after his death she continued to live with his wife, "Aunt Jane," the only mother she had ever known, and between whom and herself there existed the warmest mutual affection and devotion.

Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two she taught in the home of the Rev. John Davis, and also in the public schools of Charlotte County. When she was about twenty-two she married William Daniel, a son of William G. Daniel, of Charlotte County. (He died Aug. 15, 1911.) She was the mother of seven children,—of this number three sons reached maturity and survive her. Her grandfather, Wyatt Cardwell, served for nineteen consecutive terms (thirty-eight years) in the Legislature of Virginia and was a close personal friend of John Randolph, at one time ambassador to Russia.

Mrs. Daniel spent most of her life in or near Farmville, Virginia, with the exception of a year in Concord, Mass., and another year with her eldest married son in Whitehall, New York, where she made many friends, and was happy as grandmother of a little granddaughter. She had but recently returned to Whitehall for a second visit, when death came swiftly and painlessly without previous illness or warning. With her going much has passed away, and she in her modest under-estimation of herself would probably be much surprised that her death could mean such a loss to so many friends. But her brave indomitable spirit was in truth an inspiration and source of strength to all who knew her. During my long intercourse with her I have never known her courage to fail. Obstacles were to her merely incidents to be overcome, and her practical good sense and energy, together with her never-failing optimism, did indeed surmount difficulties that would have discouraged a less buoyant spirit. The spring of her courage lay in her deep religious convictions, in her beautiful and unwavering faith in the wisdom and goodness of an all-merciful Father,—but her Christianity was eminently practical as well as liberal, and her keen sense of humor balanced her religion. In fact, I think these two qualities were dominating factors in her life, together with her warm-hearted sympathy and toleration for "all sorts and conditions of men," and her absolute and unswerving self-abnegation in her family relations and her service for others. I do not believe that she knew what it was to have a selfish or self-indulgent wish or thought,—it went far deeper than mere unselfishness: there seemed absolutely no consciousness of self, no desires that affected her own personality except through others. Her entire life was service for others, and if God loves a "cheerful giver" surely he looked upon her with especial approval. Her cheerfulness seemed to me absolutely indomitable, it rose triumphant over trials and tribulations innumerable. For the smaller difficulties of life she had the remedy of immediate energetic action, coupled with keen appreciation of the humorous side of the situation. In the graver sorrows and problems that came to her she was upheld by her Christian faith, by her complete loyalty to her own moral and religious convictions, by her whole-souled devotion to those she loved best.

Her mental activities were quite as vigorous as her bodily ones, and she grasped eagerly every opportunity for intellectual culture or improvement. The necessary drudgery of every-day life never dulled her enthusiasm for a good book, and she brought up her sons with a respect for the best standards and traditions, intellectually as well as morally. This is not the place to speak of the sacred home relations of her life, it is enough to say that she fulfilled every duty of wife, mother, sister, friend, bringing the whole tenderness of her love and the helpfulness of her personality into every life with which she came in contact. Her Christian charity was as wide as the sea: after her death one of her sons wrote to me, "I never knew my mother in all her life to say an unkind word to or of any one."

Doubtlessly she would have met the infirmities of old age and the disabilities of illness with her characteristic courage and cheerfulness, but I think it would have distressed her beyond measure to have been the cause of care and anxiety to her family and friends. It was what she would have wished: her manner of going caused no trouble to any one.

She went from a full and useful life here to the Fulness of Life beyond, and it seems as if the Call had come because there was need in some Other World of just such a brave and loving spirit.

This world is the poorer for her going, but the memory of her life will remain a lasting inspiration to all who knew and loved her.

"Still in thy love we trust,
Since deathless is thy essence,
And casting off the dust
Thou hast but blest us with a nearer presence."

BOSTON, Feb. 19, 1915.

L. L. D.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

AUTHORS IN ANAGRAM.

(*English and American.*)

1. Torn rubbers.
2. Well, pears do no harm.
3. Smooth Ma o'er.
4. Nigh Thule.
5. Jule saw me sell rolls.
6. Has hot doom.
7. Paper oxen lead.
8. Kath Jones.
9. When left I a ring there, Jo?
10. Nanny led Foster.

—*M. B. C., in The Independent.*

II.

MISS GAME.

1. What Miss is always unlucky?
2. What Miss gives unreliable information?
3. What Miss is always ill behaved?
4. What Miss is a blunderer?
5. What Miss must be crossed in a boat?
6. What Miss causes her mother sorrow?
7. What Miss never does anything well?
8. What Miss has wrong thoughts?
9. What Miss is popular at Christmas time?
10. What Miss is supported by churches?

—*Selected.*

III.

HALF SQUARE.

1. An American song bird.
2. A place for baking.
3. To ask earnestly for.
4. A preposition.
5. A consonant.

IV.

BEHEADINGS.

Drop F from the following:

1. From to confront, and get a unit.
2. From an effect produced, and get a deed.
3. From Free from spots or imperfection, and get the fluid which we breathe.
4. From land under cultivation, and get part of the body.
5. From the word meaning litter of pigs, and get a missile to be sent from a bow.

V.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

In what books do they appear?

1. Sir Anthony Absolute.
2. Charlotte Baynes.
3. Rev. Mr. Cadwallader.
4. Kitty Ellison.
5. Fitz William Darcy.
6. Lucy Fountain.

Answers to puzzles in the February number.

I. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—1. Awl. 2. Benshi. 3. Rebellion. 4. Authentic. 5. Huso. 6. Arsenal. 7. Marten. Initials, Abraham. Finals, Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln.

II. A ZIGZAG.—

S A F E
A T O M
B E V Y
A R E A
I D L E
L E A D
N A P E
I T E M
I B I S
V O T E
E A S T
A D Z E
A N N A
C Y M E

—St Valentine's Day.

ABOUT THE GOVERNORS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

III.

1. Bowdoin — Bow in.
2. Adams — dam.
3. Clifford — ford.
4. Rice — ice.
5. Robinson — bin son.
6. Boutwell — well.
7. Russell — sell.

IV. ENDLESS CHAIN.—1. Exploit. 2. Italic. 3. Icicle. 4. Legacy. 5. Cynosure. 6. Render. 7. Erase. 8. Season. 9. Only.

V. PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.—Longfellow.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS COMMUNICATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS EXCEPTED, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "THE CHAIRMAN, MRS. GEORGE G. SAVILLE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES, AND REQUESTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of The Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held on Friday, March 5, 1915, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to anyone who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Miss Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 6 Ashton Place, Cambridge, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Wednesday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 33 Saville Ave., Quincy, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.